

The Middletown Transcript

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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MIDDLETOWN, DEL.

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THE DOLLAR OF OUR DADDIES. In 1848 the commercial world found itself seriously threatened with a gold famine. The appreciation of that metal was then perceptible in the relative increase in the quantity of all other property necessary for the purchase of a gold dollar, and for that reason it had become apparent to the minds of many thoughtful people that serious contraction was imminent, such as would inevitably curtail the debt-paying power of the debtor class of people to a ruinous extent. This is made apparent to the mind of the plainest man by a simple illustration:

If A enters into a contract to pay \$1000 in gold ten years hence, relying on the then existing relative value of that metal to all other property, to enable him to meet his obligation, and during that whole period of ten years that relation stands unaltered, he then will have made no mistake, and barring all other contingencies outside of such monetary relations, he will be ready to meet his debt at maturity. But, if during that period of ten years, it comes to pass that the world's supply of gold does not keep pace with the increase of population and expansion of trade, A will find himself under a contract which will oblige him to get together more property with which to purchase his \$1000 than the condition of things required at the time of entering into his agreement, and his embarrassment will be in proportion to his want of debt paying resources. It is a popular belief that gold has a fixed intrinsic value, independent of supply and demand, and without "variability or shadow of turning." Such is far from being the truth. But to the contrary, gold, contemplated merely as a metal, stands precisely in the same relation to society and to man's needs as does all other property, and has an intrinsic value in proportion to the demand for it and the amount of labor required to produce it; and the only reason which may be assigned for the exclusive use of it as a standard of value, is that the experiences of the past have shown that it has seemed to be in such quantities that it has seemed less liable to fluctuation in value than any other object representing labor. This was clearly demonstrated in 1852, when the gold famine, which seemed imminent prior to 1848, was turned into gold-plenty by the discovery of the gold fields of California and Australia. Perhaps there are many who do not know or may have forgotten that, in the midst of the plenty of gold immediately following the California and Australia discoveries a large class of people sought the demonitization of gold on the ground that it was being depreciated by the plenty of it and could not be relied upon as a standard for sound money, and silver was looked to as the coming standard for honest money. But since that time silver production has largely increased and gold production has decreased. In 1852 the world's product of gold was \$180,000,000, and at the present time it is little more than \$125,000,000, and it is now claimed by some very reliable statisticians that the whole of the present product is being consumed in the arts and sciences. Since 1852 the population of the world has greatly increased, and along with it the volume of business and trade in every line has broadened and expanded in proportion to the mighty advance of modern civilization and inventive genius, and on the other hand the annual gold product of the world has decreased over thirty per cent. In the face of these facts will anybody undertake to say that gold has not appreciated in its relative value to other property since 1852? Will any body undertake to seriously argue that gold alone is stable and silver and all other property have depreciated? Will any body with ordinary reason insist that the relative low level of price to which all property has been tending for twenty years, is alone caused by overproduction and cheapened production? But on the other hand, is it not absolutely true that, while cheapened production and over production is responsible in part for the relative depreciation of value, the appreciation of gold is equally changeable for the other part?

WASHINGTON LETTER. WASHINGTON, Oct. 18, 1893.—Never was there a more distracted body of men than the Democratic members of the Senate are at this writing. This distraction has existed more or less from the first day of the extra session, but the absurd ending of the test of physical endurance ordered by Mr. Cleveland in his child-like belief that a vote on the Voorhees unconditional repeal bill could thereby be forced has made it worse than ever. Consultation after consultation is held but they seem afraid to make a definite move. Some of them are afraid of their constituents, some of each other, some of Mr. Cleveland, and all of the Republicans. The physical endurance fight was won by the opponents of unconditional repeal, just as every one knew it would be, because of the inability of the repealers to keep a quorum continuously in the Senate, and the efforts to settle the matter by

thirty per cent. less than it was then, making no allowance for increase of population, and the ever increasing consumption of gold for the arts and sciences? Of the two evils, gold monometalism or an extreme silver measure, we see little difference as to the ultimate effect, for either would ultimately work ruin, but gold monometalism would bring it about more quickly. We can see no good, which may ultimately be derived from purchasing silver bullion and hoarding it in the U. S. Treasury, and we therefore believe in the unconditional repeal of that law, not that it has done any mischief, but simply because the people are apprehensive that it may cause trouble. An International agreement is the only ultimate cure for the present condition of things, and it remains for this government to enact such laws that object may be accomplished. For if we mistake not, those Euro can governments now in the scramble for gold as their only means of safety will be long forced themselves on a fool's errand, for when it comes to that, this country may be depended on as being fully able to compete for her share of it. Without any desire to criticize for the sake of criticism, we cannot but think if Mr. Cleveland is the broad and comprehensive statesman that many seem to think him to be, he would, in his special message to Congress, not have contented himself with merely recommending the repeal of the Silver Purchasing Act, but would have recommended a substitute that would have given some assurance to those, who of his own party, are unalterably for bimetallism in some form or other. If he had done this he would not have to-day a Senate making faces at one another and calling one another liars and other hard names, while the business interests of the country are fast getting into a condition that portends as chaotic a condition as the U. S. Senate is now in, and it is only fair to say that Mr. Cleveland is more responsible for this condition of things than any man in his party, for none of those scandalous alliances that were made in a number of the States were made without his full knowledge and consent, knowing that it was only a trap for vote-getting.

THE OHIO CAMPAIGN. The Every Evening is endeavoring to prepare its readers for a rousing majority for McKinley in Ohio, by stating that there is very little interest manifested in the election outside of the state.

What is the matter with our esteemed contemporaries? Is it so absorbed in the silver question and the tariff that it does not know that the people of the whole country have their eyes on the Buckeye State and are awaiting the result with great anxiety to see what verdict the voters of that commonwealth will pass upon the present Democratic administration. With the Republican majority very greatly reduced at the last election when the tariff was made on the McKinley tariff bill, and being the home of McKinley himself, it is with more ordinary interest that the nation watches the contest in Ohio to see how she is pleased with the present condition of affairs industrially and financially. It is rather amusing to see the Every Evening preparing, in ordinary language, to hedge on Ohio.

SENATOR Voorhees has made a miserable failure as leader of the administration forces; and one thing more than any other has contributed to it, is the fact that no one has any faith in Voorhees' position on the silver question. His present position is directly opposite to his past record and no one believes in his sincere conversion to the cause of good money.

IN THE ABSENCE of several members of the TRANSCRIPT staff, for a brief season, the services of the "baldheaded editor" of other days have been secured for which we are sure our readers are as grateful as we. It may be that the politics will show some deviations but as things are generally mixed up in the political world, that will be it is doubtful whether any one, except the boss himself, knows.

Mrs. Gen. Grant and her daughter, Mrs. Nelle Grant Sartoris, spent last week in Washington, and although there was no official reception given them—they didn't wish it—they were entertained very pleasantly by their many friends, all of whom were glad to learn that Mrs. Sartoris intends in the near future returning with her three children to make her permanent home in America; also, that Mrs. Grant hopes to purchase a home for herself on a line with the present situation.

PRESIDENT Cleveland's words of praise for the Republican Senators who have stood like a rock for the cause of unconditional repeal, are well merited, for no men ever stood firmer for the cause of good money than the majority of Republican Senators. It must seem somewhat strange to the bulk of the Democratic papers that the President should give such unrestricted praise to his political opponents, and is a convincing answer to the Philadelphia Ledger and other papers of that class; and to those who could never see any good in the Republicans, Mr. Cleveland fully appreciates the debt he owes to the Republicans who have stood with him in this matter, when the bulk of his own party have given him little if any support in his recommendations to Congress.

WASHINGTON LETTER. WASHINGTON, Oct. 18, 1893.—Never was there a more distracted body of men than the Democratic members of the Senate are at this writing. This distraction has existed more or less from the first day of the extra session, but the absurd ending of the test of physical endurance ordered by Mr. Cleveland in his child-like belief that a vote on the Voorhees unconditional repeal bill could thereby be forced has made it worse than ever.

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a compromise may fail because a majority of the Senate cannot or will not agree.

The distraction has also apparently reached the administration, which is beginning to wobble in a very suspicious manner. While Mr. Cleveland shouts in the ear of Senator Voorhees, "Keep up the fight for unconditional repeal," Secretary Carlisle prepares a compromise measure which he has shown to several Senators and told them that the President would approve it if he could do no better. This compromise, which may at any hour be formally offered as an amendment to the Voorhees bill, or may not be offered at all, is a last and desperate attempt of the administration to have a say in financial legislation. It provides for the purchase of 90,000,000 ounces of silver during the next four years; for the repeal of the tax on state bank currency; for the coining of seigniorage now in the Treasury, and for authority for the Secretary of the Treasury, at his discretion, to issue bonds to the amount of \$150,000,000, to strengthen the gold reserve fund. It is not believed that a single republican Senator will support this compromise, unless the clause of repealing the state bank tax be struck out. There is another compromise measure under consideration which finds considerable support because it would, if enacted into law, give the people a chance to pass upon that portion of it dealing with silver a few months before it goes into effect. It provides for the repeal of the purchasing clause of the silver law to take effect July 1, 1895; for the coinage of the seigniorage in the Treasury, for the retirement of notes other than coin certificates below \$10 and that no coin certificate above \$5, shall be issued. It also amends the present law for the issue of bonds so as to limit the times for which any bonds issued may run to five years, and the interest to three per cent. Of the two the last is unquestionably the best.

The Democratic Senators were considerably alarmed on Saturday by a rumor that the Republican Senators were tired of doing nothing and intended to go home, leaving them to maintain a quorum or to adjourn. Careful inquiry among the Republicans proved the rumor to be without foundation further than that they are tired of doing nothing. That is true. They have a right to be tired; they are not consulted about any of the contemplated compromises, but they are prepared to do their duty and will support any amendment that meets their approval regardless of whether it may come from administration or anti-administration Democrats.

The Democratic members of the House Ways and Means committee meet several times a week in a room way down in the crypt of the Capitol and spend several hours. It is alleged that this time is being put in on the preparation of the new tariff bill, but this is far from being certain as there are numerous good reasons for the belief that the members of this committee will have little or nothing to do with the preparation of the tariff bill which will at some time in the future be produced as their work, but will in reality be the work of men under the immediate personal direction of Mr. Cleveland. Chairman Wilson is gradually extending the time in his public predictions of when the bill will be reported to the House. In his latest interview he says it will not be reported before the first week in December. It will be reported whenever the bill directs that it be reported and not before, and just when that will be it is doubtful whether any one, except the boss himself, knows.

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FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Cataract that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARACT CURE.

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Our Woman's

....Column

Housefurnishing for Comfort and Dressing for Becomingness.



OZY corners are receiving more attention of late than all the rest of the house put together. All the thought and energy of the feminine house furnisher being lavished upon this portion of the domicile, to the neglect of the real comfort of the inmates.

Not so very long ago the fashion was to have in every drawing room, library or sitting room a table in the center on which were all the newest books, a good lamp to read by, and even in some cases a work basket and some dainty bit of work. The first rumor of the coming trouble was when the craze began for brio-a-brac, and small tables of every conceivable shape were put about the rooms covered with various supposedly rare specimens of china and glass. Then the big table was pushed to one side and finally relegated to the upstairs sitting room. It was a man, a rumor says, who first invented a cosy corner. He besought his wife to provide some place where he could be comfortable without having to sit on a gilt chair and stare at a lot of china which made him think of a shop. He pressed so pitifully for a sofa or anything pushed up into a corner out of the way that the wife yielded to his wishes. The effect of the corner was good it was instantly coined.

Once started the contagion spread over the entire land, and now a home without a Japanese corner, a fishermans corner or a corner divan is not to be thought of. Artists have pronounced in favor of the cosy corner, and one studio I visited last winter was declared by every one to be a simply a gem.

To my uncultured taste it seemed somewhat dreary and gloomy. The floor was stained, but there were no rugs upon it, and one or two chairs were placed in the most lonesome positions. One corner of the room was hidden behind a high screen, and I was taken behind this screen and shown with the greatest pride a most wonderful—and I must admit most delightful—combination of divan, hanging rug and pillows, and this constituted the beauty of the studio.

The objection in my mind is that the danger of a cosy corner is far more insidious and far reaching than has ever been acknowledged.

More than two cannot occupy this sacred place, and indeed two are too many, for cosy corners require a very pretty pose, and it is much easier for one person to pose under the light of a pink shaded lamp than it is for two. Many young couples have been rushed into matrimony since this craze began after reading the numberless alluring articles upon how to furnish a house on little or nothing, the furniture of the parlor consisting simply of a divan, some portieres and a screen, with one fur rug. If the writers of such articles were once to be forced to live in a bare, dreary carpetless room, of which only a small portion was habitable, I fear they would soon discover and admit that marriage was a failure.

Every man likes to be completely at ease when he gets home, and a comfortable easy chair is infinitely preferable after a hard day's work than any artistic combination of divan, portieres and hanging lantern. The light absolute necessary to the artistic perfection of a cosy corner is altogether too dull to read by, and the woman who adopts the fashions of fifty ago will find she has chosen a better part than she who spends time, energy and all her capital on pictureque effects of this barbarous fashion.

Warm coats and capes are already beginning to make their appearance, and the prevailing of fur trimmings shows that winter is close at hand. A very pretty coat in black satin is lined with ermine, which is turned back in front as revers. It has full sleeves falling over the hands and confined at the wrists with a hand of ermine, and similar fur edges them. The long basque is full at the back.

Medici collars are quite reinstated; indeed, all the winter mantles and cloaks have very high collars. In some of the sealskin cloaks they are almost exasperatingly high, but it is a fault on the right side, for nothing gives such a sense of comfort and bien etre as keeping the neck thoroughly warm. Fur capes have appeared again, but whereas the old fashioned cape clung closely to the shoulders, the new one is set into the neck band in full gathers much as if it were of velvet or cloth.

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Lost and Found
A Story That Will Interest You
The Lost Twin.



EVENTEEN years ago this September since they told me I was an uncle, good old Doctor Peterkin, having procured the baby factory a pair of infants for my sister Nell.

I can remember a boyish indignation because the twins were girls, and that I waylaid the doctor in the hall and angrily reproached him from his lack of taste in the selection of babies. He patted me on the head and told me, with more amusement than I could see, the reason for that boy babies had become scarce and high-priced in those days, and that twin boys, especially, were a luxury few people cared to indulge in.

Aside from my vexation at their gender and some dim fancies about that mysterious place where pink-toed and helpless mortals were manufactured in regular course of trade, I can recall no other impression made upon me by the arrival of the twins.

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I did not shudder, or turn pale, or feel any presentiment of coming woe. There was no small prescient voice to whisper: "These twins are creatures of fate; beware the day." None of the powers that wait on mortal thought had the kindness to say to me: "In the year of our lord 1893 you will live in Chicago, and these twins from the old farm will invade your life and fill your daily existence with hilarious perplexities."

My wife gave me this telegram at the breakfast table:

We will be in Kansas City to-day, in Chicago tomorrow. Meet us at the depot.

ET AND NER. "They're crazy," I exclaimed. "Why? You will meet them of course." "Of course Oh, yes, of course. There are only a dozen regular trains, and he who knows how many specials a day arriving at three or four different depots from Kansas City. Of course I'll meet them. What could be easier?"

Well, having tried it, I am free to admit that a good many things could be easier. In point of physical exertion, for instance, it would be easier to pound stone or carry mortar; and so far as finding anything is concerned, it would be infinitely easier to search the stellar system for the lost planet than to rush about from train to train trying to meet a pair of freckled-faced and indefinite twins.

I did not expect to meet them at the rain, and you may be sure I did not; but, when the shades of night began to fall, I went home and found them there. It is hardly necessary to say that they were financially in distress; and if any body happens to learn of a cab-driver opening a National Bank or starting a daily newspaper I wish the fact could be communicated to me. I am seeking information of that particular descendant of Jehu who brought the twins from the depot to us.

We were looking with breathless interest at the Parisian gowns in the Manufacturers' building, the twins and I, it being their first day at the World's Fair. I was trying to decide between the respective merits of a perfect dream in a pale blue terra-cotta trimmed in a combination of fourteen-karat old gold and point d'espoo lace, and another perfect dream of a thing with hand-work button-holes and six-cord biasing thread. I had about decided upon the latter, for it had oriental attachments, as being the handsomest costume, when a hand was laid upon my arm, and a twirly voice exclaimed: "Oh, Lord!"

"What's the matter?" I asked. "Oh, Uncle Sam, Net's gone!" cried Et, hysterically.

"Gone where?"

"Heaven knows where; she's lost. Oh, oh, oh!"

"She will go home," said I.

"She couldn't find the way home in a thousand years; and besides, Uncle Sam, she hasn't got a cent, not a single solitary cent. Oh, she's lost, and we must find her."

Then agonizing search began, for the girl was surely lost. We inquired at all the departments, we ransacked every foot of that vast region which lies between the peristyle and the western boundary of the pleasure. In vain.

We came down town and enlisted the services of the police force, and then, for we could do no more, and the shades of night were again rolled across the windows of the sky, we went home, fatigued, footsore, and dejected.

That exasperating twin was at home and had been for hours, as fresh as a daisy. She told her story, and for a reason I had got the narrative complete in my phonograph. It's the most connected story I ever heard. Here it is in full:

"Well, Uncle Sam, I was looking in the glass show-case at those lovely dresses, the loveliest things I ever saw, and I know heaven can be no finer, when I saw a man walking away, and there was a girl in a blue sarge dress on his arm, so I surely thought it was you and Et and I went up and took him by the other arm and off we went."

"So that was how you left us, was it?"

"Yes, and pretty soon I saw the man tickled nearly to death, and I looked up to him and said, what are you laughing at, Uncle Sam? and he looked down and says he, do I seem old enough to be anybody's Uncle Sam, and the girl, who was his sister, on his arm, giggled, hateful things though I must say she behaved just lovely to me, and I know where she's staying here in town and I'm going to call on her. She's from some place in Wisconsin."

"What did you do then?" I asked, as she paused a moment to take breath.

"Oh, don't ask me, please don't. I could never tell, and in fact I don't know what I didn't do, I was so scared and crazy, and we all went back and looked for you, but couldn't find a

sign of you anywhere, and then that fellow, his mustache is just too cute and curly for anything, said he would take me home, and I said no indeed, I would go by myself if he would lend me a quarter, for I didn't have any money and I liked to have died in my tracks from shame, and I'll bet that after this I will carry my alligator skin chelatine purse myself and not let Et have it all the time; I paid 65 cents for it, and on bargain day at that, so this fellow and the girl took me out and put me on the train and told me all about how to come home, and I am here all right, and you're to go to his hotel and pay him 35 cents borrowed money, a thing which I never had to do from a stranger before; his address is here on this card."

AUTUMN'S FAREWELL DANCE.

One bright Autumn day there was an universal rustle among the leaves and blossoms and feathered brown grasses that grew by the brook. There seemed, too, an unusual stir among the crickets and grasshoppers. What could it be that had set them to tuning their little fiddles so vigorously? The Southwest wind knew. Since every morning he had blown about whispering message to the birds, the bees and every living thing out of doors. This is the message he brought them:

"Mrs. Autumn invites you to a party to be given for our friends, the Birds, who are soon to go South for the Winter. The party will be given at Mrs. Autumn's country place, 'Out of Doors'."

"Yes," said Mrs. Autumn, to her friends, "Spring gave the Birdies' Ball, and Summer has been made very happy by their songs. It will be a pleasure to me to give them a farewell dance."

Mrs. Autumn's daughters, September, October and November, were to decorate the house for the party. Lovely September brought sheets of golden grain, plumes of nodding golden and yellow corn.

"Oh, how beautiful, September!" cried October, coming in with her arm full of purple raps and trailing crimson vines and scarlet leaves. Then, when November had added delicate brown grasses and scarlet berries, the house was beautiful indeed.

"I must order a new gown for the party," said September. "My last year's gown was spoiled by the equinoctial storm." So she ordered one of yellow, trimmed with tassels of the Indian corn.

"I, too, must have a new one," said October. "For when November came last year, I lent her mine. How well she looked in it! Every one said she was the most charming November ever seen."

"Let me paint you a gown for the party, October," said little Jack Frost. "I know your favorite colors."

"Oh, thank you, Jack," said October. "You may indeed." So that night when the world was asleep, the little artist worked; and in the morning there stood October in a gown of crimson and russet, all dashed with crimson and orange. "Now, Jack, do paint one for November. Perhaps we can persuade her to wear gay colors again this year."

With pleasure, said Jack. But when he looked in his paint-box he was so sorry, "Oh, November, he cried," I've nothing left but brown and white."

"Never mind, Jack," said November. "Brown is my favorite color." So November's gown was of soft brown, trimmed with oak leaves.

The guests began to arrive. The Misses Poplar come first, all in lovely yellow. They were followed by the Misses Maple in crimson and yellow escorted by their brother, Mr. Swamp Maple in scarlet. The breeches, Chestnuts were there in gay colors; the Oaks come last in dull crimson and brown.

And what music there was for the dancing! High in a tree sat our old friend, Professor Wind, leading the band. The Crickets brought their violins. The Bumble-bee played the drums. Grasshopper Green was there with his "doin' bees" who were quite grown up by this time. He had changed their little green jackets for brown ones, and each carried his little fiddle under his wing.

The Katydids had been asked to entertain the guests by a story: "The story of Katyd." But before the time for story-telling came, a slight difference of opinion arose among them as to something Katyd did or didn't do. And they became so interested in discussing the matter, that they forgot all about telling their story; not one word did they say at the evening except "Katyd didn't Katyd did!"

The birds flitted softly from spray to spray, saying good-bye to their friends. Their songs were not as loud and joyous as at the Birdies' Ball. Were they thinking of their emp'ness? Were they thinking of the long journey before them? Yet, I know that not in the heart of one of them was a doubt that the kind Friend who had always led them, would guide them over land and sea, and bring them safely back.

What a merry time the dancers had! Grandmother Spider said it made her feel quite young again to see them. Mr. Nutcracker frisking in and out his hole, with his pockets full of nuts, said he would like to dance with them, but that this was his busiest season, and what would the little Nutcrackers do next winter if he did not work!

As the party was given in honor of the birds, they were the first to thank Mrs. Autumn, and say farewell. "We thank you, too, dear trees," they said, "for the shelter from sun and rain. We thank you, dear Wind, for rocking our babies so gently. We thank you, dear Grasses, for your help in building our nests. And we thank you, dear Earth, for the food we have had in abundance."

Then they fluttered away like a soft, brown cloud, to sleep with their heads tucked under their wings, and to dream of their long journey. As for the other guests, I really can't say when

they went home. For when I fell asleep that night, the Crickets were still playing their violins, and most of the Katydids agreed now that Katyd did.—M. Gertrude Flynn.

CORNER OF SMILES.

Little drops of water,
And little oysters, too,
Will soon be joined together
To make the church-new steeple.

A kiss is doubled-barred bliss.

There are two things a woman fears—
when it's loose and a man when he's "tight."

Strong nerves, sweet sleep, good appetite, healthy digestion, and best of all, pure blood, are given by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"You are the light of my life," she said as she whispered "good night at the front door. "Put out the light," growled the father at the head of the stairs.

"No, I'll not marry. I think I'll become a Sister of Charity." "You don't know what that means." "Don't I? Haven't I sat up with you every night from 8 to 1 for three months?"

Sibyl—Going to make a flower bed here! Why, it will spoil our tennis ground! Gardener—Well, that's the orders, Miss. You see, it's to be laid out for horticulture, not for husbandry.

"Mrs. Autumn invites you to a party to be given for our friends, the Birds, who are soon to go South for the Winter. The party will be given at Mrs. Autumn's country place, 'Out of Doors'."

"Yes," said Mrs. Autumn, to her friends, "Spring gave the Birdies' Ball, and Summer has been made very happy by their songs. It will be a pleasure to me to give them a farewell dance."

"I, too, must have a new one," said October. "For when November came last year, I lent her mine. How well she looked in it! Every one said she was the most charming November ever seen."

"Let me paint you a gown for the party, October," said little Jack Frost. "I know your favorite colors."

"Oh, thank you, Jack," said October. "You may indeed." So that night when the world was asleep, the little artist worked; and in the morning there stood October in a gown of crimson and russet, all dashed with crimson and orange. "Now, Jack, do paint one for November. Perhaps we can persuade her to wear gay colors again this year."

With pleasure, said Jack. But when he looked in his paint-box he was so sorry, "Oh, November, he cried," I've nothing left but brown and white."

"Never mind, Jack," said November. "Brown is my favorite color." So November's gown was of soft brown, trimmed with oak leaves.

The guests began to arrive. The Misses Poplar come first, all in lovely yellow. They were followed by the Misses Maple in crimson and yellow escorted by their brother, Mr. Swamp Maple in scarlet. The breeches, Chestnuts were there in gay colors; the Oaks come last in dull crimson and brown.

And what music there was for the dancing! High in a tree sat our old friend, Professor Wind, leading the band. The Crickets brought their violins. The Bumble-bee played the drums. Grasshopper Green was there with his "doin' bees" who were quite grown up by this time. He had changed their little green jackets for brown ones, and each carried his little fiddle under his wing.

The Katydids had been asked to entertain the guests by a story: "The story of Katyd." But before the time for story-telling came, a slight difference of opinion arose among them as to something Katyd did or didn't do. And they became so interested in discussing the matter, that they forgot all about telling their story; not one word did they say at the evening except "Katyd didn't Katyd did!"

The birds flitted softly from spray to spray, saying good-bye to their friends. Their songs were not as loud and joyous as at the Birdies' Ball. Were they thinking of their emp'ness? Were they thinking of the long journey before them? Yet, I know that not in the heart of one of them was a doubt that the kind Friend who had always led them, would guide them over land and sea, and bring them safely back.

What a merry time the dancers had! Grandmother Spider said it made her feel quite young again to see them. Mr. Nutcracker frisking in and out his hole, with his pockets full of nuts, said he would like to dance with them, but that this was his busiest season, and what would the little Nutcrackers do next winter if he did not work!

As the party was given in honor of the birds, they were the first to thank Mrs. Autumn, and say farewell. "We thank you, too, dear trees," they said, "for the shelter from sun and rain. We thank you, dear Wind, for rocking our babies so gently. We thank you, dear Grasses, for your help in building our nests. And we thank you, dear Earth, for the food we have had in abundance."

Then they fluttered away like a soft, brown cloud, to sleep with their heads tucked under their wings, and to dream of their long journey. As for the other guests, I really can't say when

Miscellaneous.

GO TO THE
...NEW...

FURNITURE STORE,

South Broad St.

FOR THE FOLLOWING ARTICLES:

PARLOR and CHAMBER SUITS,

Side Boards, Chiffoniers,

Hat or Hall Stands,

Extension and Centre Tables,

Bed Stands, Bureaus,

Wash Stands, Commodes, Chairs,

Rockers, Office Desks,

Artistic Furniture, Window Shades,

Furniture Coverings, Table Covers

and Pillow Sham Holders.

WHEELER & WILSON SEWING MACHINE

J. H. Emerson,

Undertaker and Funeral Director

MIDDLETON, DEL.

Lumber!

Hardware!

Mill Work!

Paints!

Fencing Wires!

Coal, hard & soft.

Wood, ready sawed!

Building Lime!

Agricultural Lime!

Drain Tile!

&c., &c., &c., &c.

Large Variety! Best Quality!

Lowest Prices!

G. E. HUKILL,

Middleton, Del.

PHOTOGRAPHS

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LEARNER STUDIOS FOR FINE PHOTOGRAFES. Our collection of

PASTEL PORTRAITS

In the Finest in the Country. (Specialty.)

C. M. GILBERT, 926 Chestnut Street.

Don't Bother with Hooks and Eyes.

After Breakfast

ODESSA NOTES.

Miss Eliza Appleton is the guest of friend in Dover. The M. E. Parsonsage will be repainted next week. Miss Katie Baker is the guest of friends in Philadelphia. Miss Hattie Higgins is the guest of D. W. Corbin and family. Miss A. P. Sprague, of New York, is visiting Mrs. J. C. Corbin. Mr. Harry D. Stevens, of Philadelphia, spent part of last week at home. Miss Matilda Hickory, who was visiting in Philadelphia, has returned.

Miss Bertie Dickinson, of Dover, spent Sunday with her parents near town.

Mr. and Mrs. Alonso S. Whittleton, started on Tuesday for a visit to the World's Fair.

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Miss Fannie Griffen has returned from a six weeks' visit to Chicago, where she has been seeing the fair.

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His funeral will take place from his late residence on Saturday at 2 o'clock p.m.

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TOWNSEND TOPICS.

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At the last meeting of the Loan Association the highest premium paid was 55 cent.

The tomato cannery closed on Wednesday and announced the fact by a prolonged blowing of its whistle.

A number of Middletoners were in attendance at the oyster supper this week. That's right let us be neighborly.

Townsend has two painting classes; one under management of Mrs. F. P. Carpenter; the other is Mrs. J. C. Hitchinson's.

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Mildred Trux, infant daughter of Isaac Trux, died on Friday night of last week with croup; her funeral took place Monday.

Mr. Thomas Malony, of Vandike's attempted to ring H. H. Malony's bell on Saturday morning, when it suddenly gave way and fell, striking him on the shoulder with such force as to knock him down. Dr. T. A. Enoe pronounced his collar bone broken. The bell frame was attached to a building with large spikes. It is supposed that the heavy wind storms of Friday night had caused the spikes to loosen.

DELAWARE CITY.

Miss Anna Gill is visiting Mrs. Charles G. Ash. Miss Peoples, of Wilmington, is visiting Mrs. Peoples.

The Misses Colburns returned from Chicago on Monday.

Mrs. E. Ogle, of Wilmington, was in town on Monday.

Rev. M. B. Dunlap, of Wilmington, was in town on Friday.

Mrs. Clouds, of Cheswold, visited friends in town on Monday.

Dr. F. Bellville is building a fine office adjoining his residence.

Rev. H. L. Braddock, of Florence, N. J., was in town last week.

Mrs. Amelia Messig was the guest of Miss May Messig last week.

Miss Mollie Bouldin, of Chestnut City, is visiting Mrs. William Fester.

Mr. Robert Mills and son were the guests of Miss Annie Hunter on Monday.

Mrs. George F. Brady, of Middletown, was in town on Friday of last week.

Miss Lizzie Price, of Wilmington, spent Sunday with her brother, N. G. Price.

Mrs. Boggs, of Dover, and Mrs. D. M. Short, of Summit Bridge, visited friends in town this week.

Cards are out for the wedding of Dr. William J. Nelson, formerly of Delaware City, and Miss Cora J. Case, of Middletown, N. Y.

The Alexander shows are being put in order preparatory to the opening of a shirt factory. It is expected to open about the first of November. A prominent citizen of our town informed us that "Delaware City is booming."

William Beck and Miss Hattie Vail, of Delaware City, were married on Wednesday.

Mark Kirby, Esq., died at his daughter's residence in New Castle on Sunday, and was buried on Thursday at Delaware City cemetery. Services were held in the M. E. Church, Revs. Prestyman and Dr. Martin officiating. Mr. Kirby came to Delaware City in 1839 from Salem, N. J., and was therefore one of our oldest residents. He was very well-known in the county and was highly respected. Always kind and friendly, and, in a business capacity, straightforward and reliable. He was one of the first vestrymen of Christ P. E. Church and is closely identified with the history of the town.

POT FENN.

Harry Hall who has been ill with malaria fever, is recovering.

Cards are out for the marriage of Miss Lillie T. Harmer and Boyd H. Cleaver.

The storm here on Friday, Oct. 13, was very severe and did more or less harm to all of the banks. A south-east wind and high tide brought the water over all barriers and flooded the marshes. It was a night of apprehension, and many did not go to bed at all, while the howling tempest lasted.

Toward morning the wind changed to the south, and it cleared off. Many of the fishermen's boats were dismantled, and some were driven from the steamer up to the village. The Pier House could only be reached by boat, while part of the road between it and the long bridge presents a scene of desolation, all the barriers being swept away by wind and tide, and the road covered by heavy stones and broken iron grilles. The ravages of the last storm had just been repaired, and everything put in good order. Very little rain fell here.

"Don't forget the races at Dover next week. Several Middleton horses are entered and you must see them go. Bicycle races each day, but on Thursday they have a scratch race and a handicap race. Excursion rates. Let us all go and help in this effort."

CHESAPEAKE CITY.

Miss Mary Collyer is very ill. Al. Reynolds, of Elizabethtown, spent Sunday in town.

Master Harry Griffin has left for school in Philadelphia.

Miss Emma Loveless, of Trenton, is visiting relatives here.

Miss Kate Ferguson spent a few days this week in Cecilton.

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